

COL. MOSBY AS LECTURER LIKED IN CONNECTICUT

Introduced by the President's Brother—Modest as to His Own Achievements How He and Stuart Were Almost Captured

(From the Waterbury American.)
Colonel John S. Mosby, one of the last surviving conspicuous heroes of the Civil War, delivered his lecture on certain phases of that conflict before an audience of moderate proportions in the Buckingham last evening. Colonel Mosby was introduced by Principal Horace W. Hall, of the High School, and was escorted to the platform by a body of representative citizens, including several members of the G. A. R.

The Colonel, who is now 77, read his lecture from a typewritten manuscript. His style of address was something like that of the old-time lawyer, and his voice was full and strong. Particularly was this noticeable when at the close of his formal lecture, he abandoned his manuscript to declare that he has not here to say "Mortui saluamus," and that he hoped to visit New England again. Unfortunately, so it seemed to many, Colonel Mosby elected to continue his lecture to a resume of the operations of Lee and Stuart in Virginia, with only occasional reference to his personal experiences and those of his command. The tale of the fragmentary mention in the histories, as is thrilling as any romance. The operations of Stuart and Lee were more momentous, but to a lecture audience they had only abstract value, when related by a man who might tell of night dashes and hand-to-hand encounters, the equal of which the whole great conflict probably failed to produce.

Colonel Mosby did not tell of his capture by the Harris Light Cavalry while waiting in a railway station for a train which was to take him to headquarters, and of his subsequent change. An official dispatch from the Union office commanding at that time described him as a young Confederate officer, who by his appearance and manner, produced a marked impression. Another thing captured along with Mosby was a letter from a Richmond girl, in which appeared this touching bit of verse:

Jeff Davis is our President,
Lincoln is a fool;
Jeff Davis rides a white horse,
Lincoln rides a mule.

Colonel Mosby said that the inspiration for the organization of his independent command, which operated under letters of marque similar to those in use on the sea, came in Pope's

bombastic order in which he declared he would pay no attention to his unprotected rear, but would push on toward the front.

This seemed to Mosby a splendid opportunity for damaging Pope's lines of communication.

It determined to take away of General Pope's rear, he said in his soft Southern accent.

He colonel made some rather pointed criticisms of Pope, although by no means as pointed as those which appear in modern Northern histories. McClellan he characterized as a great theoretical general.

Colonel Mosby also related the story of his near capture along with General John Stuart, when the Fifth New York Cavalry jumped them while they were sleeping in a farm house.

He departed so suddenly that he left behind him a letter which was captured by Lieutenant Cary, of that command. Lieutenant (afterwards captain) Cary was with the party on the platform at this point he rose to describe how he took pot shots at Mosby and Stuart and read the letter. It proved to be a communication from Stuart to the Confederate Secretary of War recommending Mosby for promotion as an officer of infantry and ability.

Colonel Mosby described at great length Lee's attempt to crush Pope, which was spoiled by Fitz Lee and Tombs, and he related some dashing exploits of Stuart, but he didn't tell much—certainly not enough—of those thrilling times when he and his lieutenants were raiding rough shod over Virginia, bagging Yankee paymasters, capturing the First Rhode Island Cavalry, which was engaged in the task of cutting them, and driving Phil Sheridan into routing retreat.

He didn't tell of the time when he rode up to Long Bridge, handed a lock of his hair to a woman who was crossing and requested that she give it to Abraham Lincoln, and "tell him I'll be in after some of his about day after tomorrow." Perhaps no living American has had a more adventurous past. It is to be regretted that the colonel's modesty keeps him from its full relation.

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Williamsburg Social News

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
Williamsburg, Va., January 7.—An address of much interest to the public will be delivered Tuesday night by Dr. James Southall Wilson, of the faculty of Williams and Mary, on "Florence Italy, the Scenes of Savonarola's Activity." Dr. Wilson has spent part of the past two summers in Italy, and has given his subject careful preparation.

Harvey Cooley, of Richmond, spent Thursday in Williamsburg, with relatives.

Mrs. J. C. Pilkington spent several days with friends in Richmond this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bozarth are in Florida, where they are spending a couple of weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter A. Montgomery have returned from Washington, where they spent the holidays with the former's parents, Judge and Mrs. Montgomery.

J. B. C. Spencer, of the Colonial Inn, spent several days in Richmond this week.

James R. Bellamy expects to leave here about February 1 for Beaufort, S. C., where he will make his home. C. J. Person spent Tuesday in Newport News.

Julian Tyler, of Richmond, spent Wednesday here with Archer Brooks, Russell J. Binn, after spending several days here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Binn, who returned to his home at Middletown, Va.

Miss Irma Pierce, of Richmond, has been the guest this week of Mrs. A. W. Jennings, at Tanno.

On Friday afternoon Miss Bessie Hood was hostess of a delightful bridge party at her home on Academy Street.

Friday evening Miss Elizabeth Oakley entertained at progressive anagrams at her home on Broad Street, in honor of Miss Margaret Klinger, of Bristol, Tenn.

Saturday evening Miss Edythe McClung was hostess of a delightful function at her home on Broad Street.

Mrs. J. M. Rice was hostess of a 5 o'clock tea on Saturday afternoon during the week, at which she entertained a number of her intimate friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Alfred Bowman, of Richmond, spent the holidays at the home of Mrs. W. R. Epps, on College Avenue.

W. Lee Brand spent several days this week in Boston and other Eastern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lewis have returned to Lynchburg, after a week's visit to Mr. and Mrs. O. V. Lewis, on Main Street.

Mrs. R. H. Gandy and daughter, Mary Elm, of Pulaski, and Miss Lillian Jackson, are guests of Mrs. W. M. Larkley on Tennessee Street.

Mrs. J. A. Morehead spent the holidays with relatives in Philadelphia.

Miss Minnie Ochsborne has returned to Pageton, W. Va., after spending the past two weeks with relatives in Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Strouse have gone to Manatee, Fla., to spend the remainder of the winter months.

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A Touch of Smartness

is added to a woman's appearance by natty footwear. All sorts of shoes are being offered at this season, but they vary as much in fit and durability as they do in style.

A shoe should be as scientifically made as a gown. That is the secret of the comfortable fit of all "Patrician Shoes" for women.

There's a Patrician Shoe for Every Occasion

This season's examples are made with unusual careful attention to every little detail. The styles are the newest, the leathers the finest, and you are assured of "a correct fit" in a shoe full of comfort and service. In short, they add that deliciously feminine touch so much admired in well-groomed women.

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THE LOVE ROMANCE OF LEO TOLSTOY

By JOE ELIOTT.

Count Leo Tolstoy's sudden flight from the wife, who has been his constant companion for so many years and his sudden death and burial in a lonely place on the estate of Yasnaya Polyana lend interest to a series of articles recently published in the Russian paper Novoye Vremya over the signature of the famous philosopher's sister-in-law, who writes: "I was just twenty years old when I met Count Leo Nikolayevich the first time. His sister Maria Nikolayevna, who had married a distant relative spent most of her time at Moscow. It was at her house I first met the two brothers Tolstoy, Leo and Nicholas. They resembled each other very much, especially because of the gentle and melancholy expression of their eyes. They both used to play with us and told us stories, but Leo Nikolayevich, who at that time was very fond of gay society, came only seldom to see us. Nicholas often said to me: 'When I left Levovitchka was just putting on his evening dress and white tie to attend some ball.' "It was shortly after the war. The tales from the siege of Sebastopol interested us deeply. Leo Nikolayevich was still wearing his uniform and was fond of telling his experiences.

"Nobody listened to him with great interest than my sister Sonia. She, who was later to become his wife, was in him the author of 'Childhood and Youth' and in a diary she had written the following quotation from his book: 'Where do we ever find again these fresh ideas, the freedom from care, the craving for love, which the soul of the child? What part of our lives is happier than our childhood, when we are moved only by the purest motives?' "Our older sister Lisa, who was a very level headed and phlegmatic character, had written on the same page: 'What a little fool you are Sonia!'"

"Leo Nikolayevich's visits, always unexpected, were sometimes short and sometimes very long. Often when he was invited he did not come, and often he came without an invitation at all times of the day or evening. His conversation always delighted me. He was interested in everything, young or old, rich or poor, yes even vagrants. He was pleasant toward everybody, young or old, rich or poor, yes even vagrants. He was pleasant toward everybody, young or old, rich or poor, yes even vagrants.

When he had finished reading the book, Leo Nikolayevich declared, and I still remember his very words, that the love of a boy of sixteen, like the hero of the book, was the only strong and pure sentiment in human life. The father's love, in the same story, he denounced as vice and corruption.

"About this time he went to the district of Samara to go through a course, because he was suffering with a constant cough, which worried him considerably, as his two brothers died from consumption. On his way to Samara he passed through Moscow where he was our guest with two of his pupils from Yasnaya Polyana, who accompanied him. When he left my sister Sonia was very sad and one day I said to her: 'Do you love the count?'"

"I do not know," she answered.

"It was true," she did not know. Her mind was troubled, her heart all confusion. But very soon afterwards the old German governess spread the rumor that the count was a frequent visitor at our house because he was in love not with Sonia, but with her oldest sister.

"Leo Nikolayevich thought himself very ugly, and was greatly worried about it. He often told me so. He did not have the slightest idea of the beauty which his unusual mind lent to his face and of the impression which his wonderful eyes made on every one who met him.

"Once we visited Yasnaya Polyana, and I was given the room on the ground floor, which Leo Nikolayevich later used as his study and which had been immortalized by the famous painter Repine's brush. I still remember the lovely scenes we had in the neighboring woods. Leo Nikolayevich sang solos, and the rest of the family formed the chorus, and it seemed to me then as if all nature, the setting sun, the trees and the little lake existed for us only, and never had existed before.

"A month later we visited our grandfather at Iltvis. Leo Nikolayevich arrived shortly afterwards on his white saddle horse. It was during his visit that I witnessed the following scene: One evening after the cardplayers had finished their games and gone into the dining room I had hidden myself behind the piano so as not to be asked to sing. From my hiding place I saw Leo Nikolayevich sitting by my sister Sonia's side. With a piece of chalk he wrote on the green cloth of the card table: L. Y. F. S. P. S. I. C. H. F. Y. S. D. S. P. T. T. P. W. R. S. T. T. A. M.

"Sonia guessed the meaning immediately and read aloud: 'In your family some people say I come here for your sister Lisa's sake. Please tell the people who believe so that they are mistaken.' "He brushed off the writing and wrote in the same way using the initials only: 'Your youth and your longing for

happiness make me feel my advanced age very keenly and convince me that there is no happiness for me.' "The following September he wrote a letter asking for my sister's hand, and the next day their engagement was announced, though my father was not quite in favor of it, as he wanted to marry off his oldest daughter first.

"I pass by the long and tiresome engagement period which preceded the marriage. Immediately after the ceremony the bridal couple were to leave for Yasnaya Polyana, and as a result of it happened that all Leo Nikolayevich's shirts had been packed in his trunks and sent ahead by his valet, and when he began to dress, he did not have a shirt to put on and had to send for one. This delayed the ceremony at the court church at Gromi a whole hour.

"At midnight the carriage left our house. My mother and sister cried when they said good-by to each other. Leo Nikolayevich tenderly tore the wedding gown out of mother's arms, and the footman closed the door of the carriage, and the sound of the hoofs of the horses drowned mother's sobs.

"Sonia wrote me soon afterwards, 'She could not find words to express her happiness; her joy at her beautiful home and the love and tenderness of her husband.' "I fear to think of the future," she wrote; 'the present is like a beautiful dream, as if I were still a young girl. You see, your destiny and mine are of it. You will understand me better when you are married yourself.' "At the same time Leo Nikolayevich wrote me about Sonia, and how she liked to play the great lady. He ended his letter with these words: 'Good-by, my child! May God's love make you as happy as I am, for greater happiness does not exist.

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